

Stoned

by homesick-thug

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Summary: Calleigh Duquesne was not a stoner. Usually. But then she saw the rolling papers in Eric's kit & she got a twisted idea on how she wanted to spend her Saturday. Pure smut. Timeline isn't canon, nor is the rolling paper incident. To make the story work lets pretend the rolling paper event happened season8 pre In The Wind and has nothing to do with Marisol. Story is post In The Wind

Stoned

AN: Let's imagine the rolling papers in Eric's kit had nothing to do with Marisol. And lets also imagine that that incident happened in season 8 before In The Wind, and this fic takes place post In The Wind. Sorry if thats confusing, but it adjusting the timeline fits the story.

Also, generally in my M fics... they all kinda are emotional and what not... but this is absolutely nothing as such, so it might be a bit awkward?

Anyways... don't do drugs kids... No but there's a rather long author's note after the fic for some tips if you choose to smoke, and if you have any issues with weed then this fic is probably not for you. Thank you for all the reviews on my other EC stories, it means alot!

\* \* \*

><p>When Calleigh saw the rolling papers in Eric's kit, her lips curved into a devilish grin and she got a twisted idea of how she wanted to spend her Saturday.<p>

Now Calleigh Duquesne is not a stoner, an occasional smoker yes, but not a stoner.

Usually.

She first tried it in high school, and she couldn't remember ever laughing as hard as she had, things were blurred but she had an all around content demeanor, her muscles relaxed and she laughed at virtually everything. So she smoked a few times a month in high school and college, but had to stop once she joined MDPD and the crime lab. Drug testings a bitch and Stetler has a stick up his ass and she loved her job too much to risk it.

But later she came to realize that drug testing was virtually nonexistent without a warrant, so she started smoking occasionally again. Usually by herself after a long shift with a Kevin Hart movie and a gallon of ice cream to shush her munchies. Mary Jane affects everyone differently, there are so many different strains that cause a variety of things. She never got into anything purple or dank kush because she hated anything that made her hallucinate. So she stuck with gas, warranting a couple laughs and an easy going vibe. But there was one effect that she wouldn't dare tell anyone. It was something she discovered in college, and was, in turn, rather embarrassed about, but guys found it a major turn on.

Within her sophomore year of college she discovered that usually after a few too many hits she'd start to get really \_really\_ \_horney, to be blunt(pun definitely intended). Her relaxed mood gave her a boost of confidence in bed, made her feel comfortable wearing things and trying things she hadn't before(and would be far too self conscious to do sober).

So after the whole rolling paper incident blew over and Stetler was back harassing the team without drug tests, Calleigh found herself at Eric's door in a trenchcoat, black pumps, and a batch of brownies. She'd sat in her car outside his apartment for a good 45 minutes trying to find the courage to actually knock on his door. After the ten minute mark of debating, she ate piece of a brownie, hoping that she wouldn't make a complete and utter fool of herself. But knowing Eric, and what she was wearing under her trenchcoat, she knew this was gonna be a pretty great night.

Her and Eric had been sleeping together regularly, but the extent of their "friends-with-benefits-and-obviously-in-love-with-eachother-but-don't-have-the-balls-to-say-it" relationship was still a mystery to the both of them. And her next move was definitely going to change everything one way or another.

And here she was at his door, her eyes a bit glossy and a sensual grin on her face. When Eric opened the door, he figured it was Calleigh, because who else would be on his doorstep on a Saturday night? At least since he and Cal and their slick skin and moans became more than just a one time thing. So when he opened the door he greeted her in a pair of old high school sweats and nothing more, but the Calleigh standing before him was not a Calleigh he'd seen before.

He cocked an eyebrow at her, opening the door wider and stepping aside for her to come in.

"Cal?" He asked questioningly, while she turned to him, a tray of brownies in her hands and a devilish smirk.

"I made you brownies," she giggled. And that's when Eric knew something was up, because when in the hell did Calleigh Duquesne giggle? That, plus her relaxed demeanor, glossed over eyes, and a missing piece of the brownies gave her away.

"Cal are you high?" He asked, trying to refrain from smiling.

She tried to drown the giggles while she spoke, but it was virtually impossible, "rolling papers, your rolling papers remember?" She was definitely a high, not completely stoned, but high enough to not be able to formulate sentences correctly.

But a high Calleigh Duquesne was quite an entertaining one, so he decided to play along, "yea I remember."

"Well," she giggled, "I brought some brownies," she paused, her voice a low, seductive whisper, "and something else."

He cocked an eyebrow and grinned, "something else huh?"

She bit her lips with a sexy smile and nodded.

"Does that something have to do with the fact that you look like you're about to shoot up a high school?"

Normally, she'd scold him for something so insensitive but instead she smirked.

"No," she giggled, walking towards him and practically pinning him against the door, "but these brownies have me kind of thirsty," she purred. And damn, there was absolutely no doubt in his mind that there was a double meaning to that.

His mouth went dry, "water?" He asked.

She nodded, "yea."  
>"And the surprise?"<p>

She made a tsk tsk sound, her voice hot and heavy, "you have to eat my brownies."

And Jesus, when she left a kiss on his pulse point, all of his blood went straight south, and when he spoke his voice was husky with desire, "kitchen."

He grabbed her hand, making sure she was steady, and walked the few feet to the kitchen. She and the brownies sat on the table, staring at him while her legs dangled and all Eric could do was stare right back at her.

"Water, Mr. Delko," she purred, running the toe of her black pumps up his thigh. And he cursed himself for wearing sweats because it left absolutely nothing up to the imagination. He fetched her a bottle of water from the fridge, and was in turn pretty damn embarrassed of his situation down stairs, but Calleigh was too far gone to make fun of him about it.

She took a sip of her water then looked at him, "you have to eat a piece of that if you want a piece of me," and there was no mistaking

the seductive glint in her voice.

He grinned at her and chuckled, "alright." He grabbed a piece and took a bite, then looked to her, "do I have to wait for this to kick in? Because edibles take like an hour."

She shook her head, "no, because mine have already kicked in."

"Cal, what's the ulterior motive of you coming over here stoned?"

"Well," she purred, grabbing his thigh with her two legs and pulling him towards her, her trench coat rising and he caught glimpse of a garter belt with a black bow and he'd only seen a sliver of her lingerie but already he was completely entranced.

She brought his ear to her lips, sucking on the lobe and whispered: "when I get high I get really really horny."

And hell, Eric's eyes darkened so dark they were probably black, and now her lips found his neck and he gasped when he felt her teeth on his skin while she continued to speak, "and it gives me \_so \_much more confidence."

He took a deep breath, his hands finding her shoulders while she continued leaving wet kisses over his neck and up his jaw. Eric's skin was on fire, goosebumps raised on every inch of his aroused flesh.

"Cal I cant think," he breathed.

She giggled, her mouth leaving his skin and finding his lips, "good."

She kissed him hard and hot, sucking his lower lip and running her hands down his chest and even if he wasn't under the influence he'd still have lost all function of himself. She moved her legs to wrap around his waist and effectively pulling his torso on top of her while she lay on the table, her legs tight around him, his legs somehow managing to stay firm on the ground. But with the way she was kissing him, the way her hands ran down and over the contours of his abs, he knew he wouldn't last long.

"Cal," he grunted against her lips, "bedroom."

She giggled, a cute noise he could easily get used too, and bit his lower lip, "alright," she purred, "you can unwrap me there."

And dear god he didn't know what in the hell he did to deserve this but her voice was silky and seductive and playful and he tried not to think much of it because he couldn't do much thinking at all right now. But he somehow managed to stand up, taking her hand and pulling her with him, her trenchcoat falling around her like a cloak and the curiosity of what she was hiding turned into intense desire and \_need. \_He \_needed \_to uncover her, strip and unravel her because \_god damn Cal. \_He needed her, needed to see whatever sexy secret she was hiding. Right. Now.

And he was losing sense of time, he wasn't exactly sure when or how they got to his bedroom, but he knew two things: one, the brownie was

starting to hit, and two, he needed to unravel her and rip off her trenchcoat, see her in whatever sexy lingerie she was sporting, feel her silky skin against his because his desire was getting so, so much more intense.

He pushed her against the door inside his room, his lips finding hers and they meshed together and it was hot and wet and sexy. Every nerve ending was on fire, every touch of her hands and tongue were magnetized. He reached for the belt of her trenchcoat, unbuckled it, and pushed it off her shoulders. His lips left hers to look at her, and sweet Jesus this brownie had to have been laced and he had to have been dreaming or hallucinating or \_something \_because there was no fucking way in hell that Calleigh Duquesne was standing in front of him wearing nothing but a black lace thong clipped to a satin garter belt and a matching lace bra. And God to make matters even more surreal she still wore the 6 inch black pumps made for seducing men.

He growled appreciatively, his hands skating down her curves and he must be dreaming right? Or maybe he's dead? In the morgue? This God like version of Calleigh coming to distract him from Alex cutting into his flesh? No, no bad idea. Don't think about death while stoned. No, no okay Eric, get it together. Breathe before you come in your sweats like an inexperienced teenager watching porn for the first time.

"You like?" She giggled.

His eyes answered her question because his voice no longer existed. God she was beautiful. I mean, she was beautiful and sexy regardless of what she was wearing, but this, \_this, \_wow.

He was captivated and when he placed a hand on her hip over silk skin, he couldn't hold back.

He cupped a breast with the other hand and crushed his lips to hers, sucking and biting while his fingers rolled a nipple and the fabric of her bra created delectable friction and God she moaned his name and he reciprocated hers with a low, hungry groan.

His lips left hers, kissing his way down her jaw, sucking at her neck, both his hands pawing at her, and Jesus the sharp moan of his name she cried out made his cock twitch. All these sensations around him, the feel of her skin on his, it was tingling and slick and radiated through him. The lace of her bra in his palms, the silkiness and the feel of pert nipples made his hands tingle and every part of his body was tingling and his head was spinning and he licked his way down her chest, tasting her and he couldn't describe what she tasted like, but it was addicting.

And her tender skin against his begging tongue caused sparks against his tastebuds, like pop rocks mixed with carbonated soda but so so so much more intense. He continued exploring her belly with his tongue, making his way down to her thong and all she could do was moan and moan and moan. Her eyes were closed and she felt his hands grip and squeeze her thighs while his teeth bit at the hem of the thin lace material that covered virtually \_nothing\_.

Shapes were spinning behind her eyes and when she felt his fingers move her thong to the side and slip through wet folds it was like she

was diving through a vortex of pleasure. Like the intense sensation encompassed her entire being and when he pressed his tongue against her, everything was tingling and tingling and the vortex behind her eyes that was spinning and spinning shot stars like firecrackers in every direction, and when he started sucking at her clit, his fingers moving inside her, the sensation that ran over her was indescribable.

And god, Eric was definitely addicted. She tasted sweet and her wet folds against his tongue were like waves and he was surfing inside the barrel. And he could feel her body tensing, could feel how close she was, could feel the wave of her orgasm about to fold over him like a 12 foot wall of water close to shore, and he just continued sucking and sucking his hands rising to grasp her breasts and the vortex's speed she was falling down picked up and she was spinning and spinning and everything was on fire when she came, the waves hitting the impact zone and \_god damn, \_the waves that hit the Miami shores during a cat5 hurricane were \_pathetic\_ compared to surfing the ones inside her.

And she moaned his name, her hands gripping his hair because even if she weren't in 6 inch heels she would have fallen to the floor like a puddle of goo.

Her breathing was sharp, the world around her still spinning but she felt beyond euphoric. And after a few minutes she pulled Eric up to her, grasping his hand and leading her to his bed.

"My turn," she grinned seductively, her mind still fuzzy, and Jesus he knew what was coming so when she pushed him on the bed, urged his head up to the pillows, and crouched beside him, he tried to find all the strength he could to not end up coming within the next 5 seconds, because her bottom was towards him, her thong still moved to the side, and he got a direct view of wet pink folds and Jesus fucking Christ this was so damn surreal, and he made a note to tell her that they were \_definitely \_doing this again. His hands found the flawless curve of her ass and squeezed and she moaned right before her lips were on him and everything around him disappeared. And now \_he \_was falling down the vortex she was just in and he couldn't feel anything, not the silk sheets below him, not the watch on his wrist, not even her smooth skin in his hand, no, all he could feel were her lips around his length, licking and sucking like a lollipop and the sensation existed on every nerve ending in his entire body. And she spun her tongue around him, took him in as far as she could and her moan vibrated from her throat against his hardness and radiated like waves through his entire being over and over; a swift current pulling him under and under and he didn't know how to breathe but for some reason it made everything that much more pleasurable.

And he was close, so so \_so\_ close, but she must have known that because she stopped, and he opened his eyes and she was looking at him, smirking with her hand over her bra on her breast, playing with herself while the other moved loosely against his shaft and now Eric understood \_why \_the hell marijuana was illegal, because sex that was \_this good \_is a dangerous, deadly weapon.

He pulled her on top of him, his hands skating to unclip her bra and toss it aside, and he was about to flip her, but her lips found his ear and in a seductive voice as lethal as the bullet in his brain she whispered, "I'm on top."

And hell, he had no complaints there, especially not when she sat up, her hand now on her \_bare \_breast, and tried to guide herself onto him \_still \_in her garter belt, thong(which so miniscule it could easily be pushed to the side) and heels. And whoever designed the heels did it \_knowing \_just the sight could make any man do \_anything. \_

He bit his lip when he felt her wet, tight heat, and she moaned because \_jesus fucking christ \_he felt \_so so so \_good inside her. He clawed at her thighs while she began to move, riding him, her hand still toying with her breast and she was making sexy gasps and groans and fuck Eric was definitely not going to last long. He met her her hips halfway, thrusting towards her and his grunts matched hers and their eyes locked.

>"Calleigh-" he groaned biting his lip, digging his nails into her skin. He was so close, so close. He grazed his fingers up her thigh, moving towards her center but she flicked his hand away, and he looked at her questioningly but all she did was return the devilish grin she'd been wearing since the moment she knocked on his door with a batch of brownies mixed with a <em>highly <em>controlled, \_highly \_illegal and \_highly \_sexy substance. He held his breath, could feel his pulse throughout his entire body, and when he saw her hand move from her breast to slip wo fingers past his lips, he sucked on them lightly and gripped her thighs, trying to control his breathing, trying to hold out because how long had they been at this? What time was it? What fucking \_day \_was it? He really wasn't sure but when she made him let go of her now moist digits, she moved them down his chest, over his belly and to her apex, just above where their bodies met, and he absolutely lost it. Lost every bit of control he had stopping him from pounding into her with the intense desire she built up inside of him.

But she liked it, liked him being a little rough, so she closed her eyes, arched her back and let out sharp moans while she touched her clit, rubbing it and rolling it and it was all over for Eric. He was gone, spent, absent, no longer existing at this point. He spilled inside her, coming so hard his remaining sperm count had probably been cut in half and colors that never existed flashed behind his eyelids and his skin was hot and electrified and he had no fucking clue what was happening anymore, and he was \_damn \_certain that he had to have fucking died because there was no way in \_hell \_that Calleigh, the Calleigh that works at Miami Dade Crime Lab, the Calleigh that doesn't ever break protocol, \_his \_Calleigh, would be here on top of him, riding him completely stoned while she touched herself with a beautiful, sensual and utterly sexy grace. She had to be an imposter, a dream, a mirage or \_something\_ but he was coming down from his orgasm and could almost start to see straight when she fell onto his chest, moaning his name, and the feel of her slick breasts on his made him realize that this was reality and all he could do was try to catch his breath while his hands roamed her toned back and she nipped at his neck. And sex with Cal had always been good, better than with anyone else, and that was most definitely because of the intense and raw feelings they had for one another, but this was on a totally different level, and he thanked whatever C average dropout teen pothead for introducing her to this wondrous herb.

"Jesus Cal," they were both still high and had absolutely no understanding of time or space or the world around him. It was like

they fell down the rabbit hole and were stuck in a hidden wonderland of scrumptiously sinful, hot erotic sex. When she caught her breath she fell beside him, curling against his side, her head on his chest. She hummed happily while he rubbed a soothing hand down the curve of her back and back up, repeating the process and savoring the feel of her skin against his heightened sense of touch.

"I never figured you for a pot head."

She giggled, a feature that only existed when stoned, "only \_sometimes." \_

"Any other secrets I should know about?"

She smiled against his chest, "other secrets yes, and I might tell you. One day or another."

He cocked an eyebrow, "you're not gonna tell me now?"

"Nope," she whispered, kissing his chest, "it'll get you all turned on."

He chuckled, "that a bad thing?" And he didn't realize he was repeating the same question he had in the locker room that day, when she'd mumbled \_about last night\_ and \_I know we keep saying this isn't going to happen, \_but it had to have subconscious meaning, the same both then and now, that he wasn't going to let her go, that he'd do anything for her, for them.

"No," her eyes were closed while she held onto him tighter, "but it's an adventure for a different time."

He chuckled, "does it involve the plate of brownies in the kitchen."

She smiled, feeling completely relaxed, blissful, satisfied and damn grateful that she didn't stop their relationship from evolving to what it has, "Mhh yes indeed it does."

He smiled and kissed her forehead, "we are \_definitely \_doing this again."

The two elatedly stoned Miami PD Crime Scene Investigators were utterly exhausted from their exhilarating and completely illegal under the influence love making. That, plus the oxidation of THC produces a warmly sedative effect from the cannabinal running through your veins.

He kissed her forehead sleepily while his eyes drooped shut, "love you Cal."

"Mmmhm," she stirred, already half asleep, "love you too."

The words they mumbled fell so naturally and fit with such ease, that they hadn't even realized it was the first time they'd \_actually\_ said it to one another. And in the morning they'd realize it, and Eric would tell her again, completely sober, and again while they showered and again while he made breakfast, and she'd wrap her arms around his waist while he flipped an omelette at the stove, and she'd tell him again, that she loved him too.



AN: So not sure if you liked this but the other week I had a brownie that left me stoned for 30 hours because my guy didn't tell me not to eat the whole thing(it was 10 bucks, which means there it shouldn't be super high(ay punny) in content, but he likes me and gave me a discount), and in my tripped out and slap happy demeanor the plot for this fic was produced.

Also, just a few tips for those of you that may try marijuana:

Make sure to get it from someone reliable, not some dude out on a street corner(and make sure you know your strands, so you know what you're getting).

If its edibles(meaning cooked into food) \_ask \_how much you should take in one serving and don't eat the whole thing. Have a piece, wait an hour and see how you feel before taking another bite.

A lot of times if you've had too much(like me the other week) you can end up having panic attacks(which happened to me), so be careful, and in the event of a panic attack, try to have someone you trust stay with you, and drink water and listen to soothing music and tell yourself that this will pass and you'll be okay. Nobody has ever died from weed so you're gonna be ok.

Also, if you take certain medications(like I take a couple different antidepressants and an antipsychotic) and are worried about how it may react(thought it should be fine) call poison control and just ask, you can say a friend of yours is high and is scared to take her meds because she isn't sure how it'll react. They aren't the police and can't come find you, and hang up when they ask for your name.

Okay that's all fam, thank you so so so much for the kind reviews yall have left me, yall have no idea how much it means to me, because sometimes I really just don't see the point in living and then I'll see a nice review and it keeps me going so thank you so much. I love yall.

End  
file.